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### Editorial

JUST DON'T STOP

Over the last few years, therapy groups with the aim of curing so-called sex addicts have appeared in certain films and books. These groups, one supposes, offer help to members of both sexes whose libidos are so out of control they pass the entire day thinking about getting laid. No, we aren't talking about rapists or child molesters or anything like that. These people are of the most everyday sort, but they have a marked tendency to give themselves over to below-the-belt pleasures more easily than most: plumbers who after fixing the pipes lay the pipe with the receptionist, journalists who veer off from their daily reports to beat off in a public bathroom, construction workers who take advantage when the foreman isn't looking to screw their girlfriends behind the cement mixer. Yeah, a group of people with sex on the brain who meet up to kick the in-n-out addiction offer a starting point in a sea of juicy details for creating stories filled with unbridled passion, sentimental doubts, infidelities, blame, pangs of guilt...In short, all the ingredients necessary for a fun situation comedy or for heartbreaking drama.

Surely that's why we've come to think that these groups of people are nothing more than fiction created to relate colorful tales. Well, truth is, they aren't. They really exist, which leads us to the next question: why find a solution for the problem of controlling desire when it's so pleasurable to just let it go? But above all, the question is: Why would you want to rid yourself

of a vice when fucking is one of the healthiest hobbies in this crappy life?

Answer: There's no telling. While we wait for someone to give us a clue, we'll enjoy the gorgeous women of Noe, Ferocius, Greco and all the other artists who are part of this French Kiss, 'cause in just a few hours some flesh and blood women will come our way, and the party will go on.

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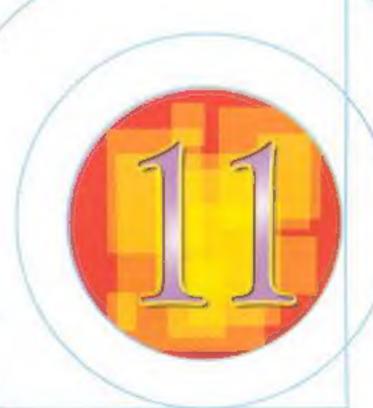
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SANDOR KISS, HER LATE HUSBAND. HE HAD HIS MOMENT OF GLORY DECADES BEFORE, BUT TODAY HE'S ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, EXCEPT BY HIS FANATICAL FOLLOWERS OF THE PAST.

MY PAD ADMIRED HIM AND PROUDLY KEPT A SCORE SIGNED BY THE COUNT. AFTER MY DAD DIED, I CONTINUED GOING TO KLARA'S CONCERTS, WHERE SHE PLAYED IN THE SAME ACROBATIC STYLE.



I WAS PART OF THE AUDIENCE, THERE TO REMEMBER MY DAD AND TO KEEP A SECRET PROMISE...











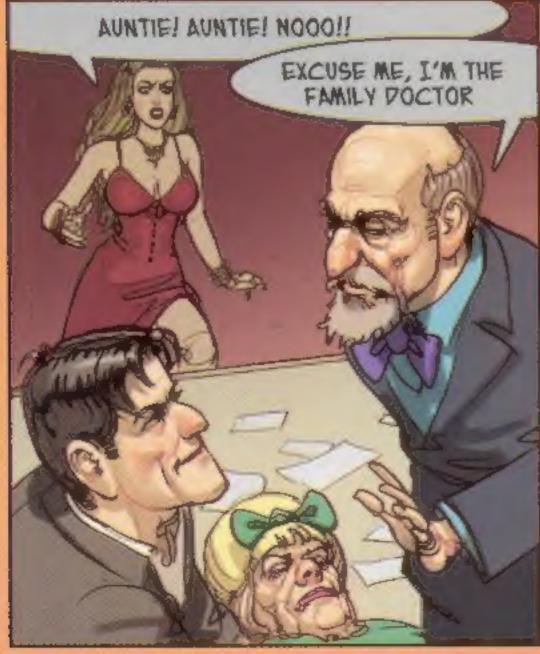
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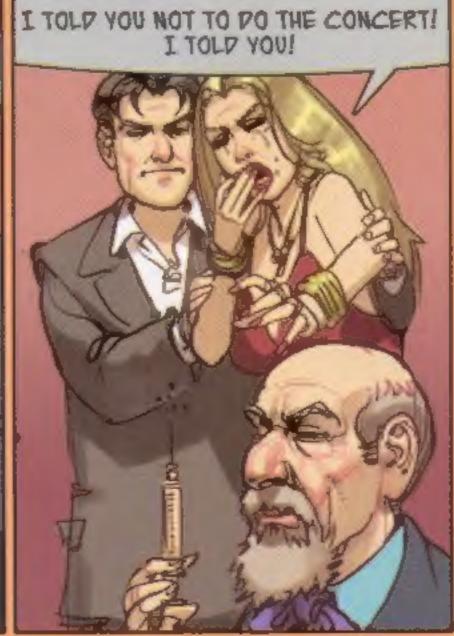
WHEN I SAW THAT NO ONE WAS MOVING, I RAN TO THE STAGE FROM THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM TO HELP HER. I WAS SURPRISED BY EVERYONE'S INDIFFERENCE.

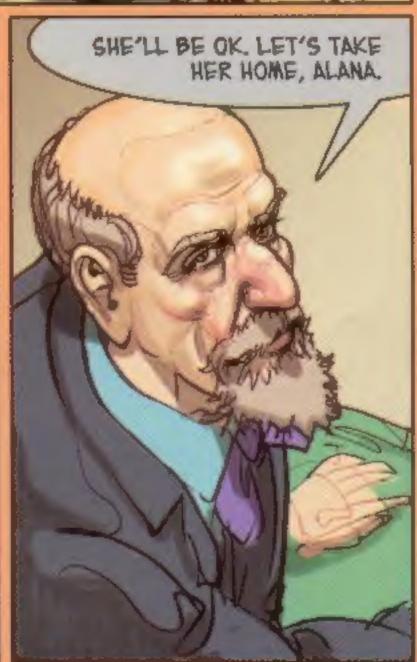


I GAVE HER CHEST COMPRESSIONS—COMMON SENSE AND
TV HELPED ME MAKE THE DIAGNOSIS THAT SHE NEEDED
THEM. I COULD SEE A WAVE OF OLD FOLKS DESPERATE TO
HELP, SLOWLY STUMBLING TOWARDS THEIR ADORED ARTIST.

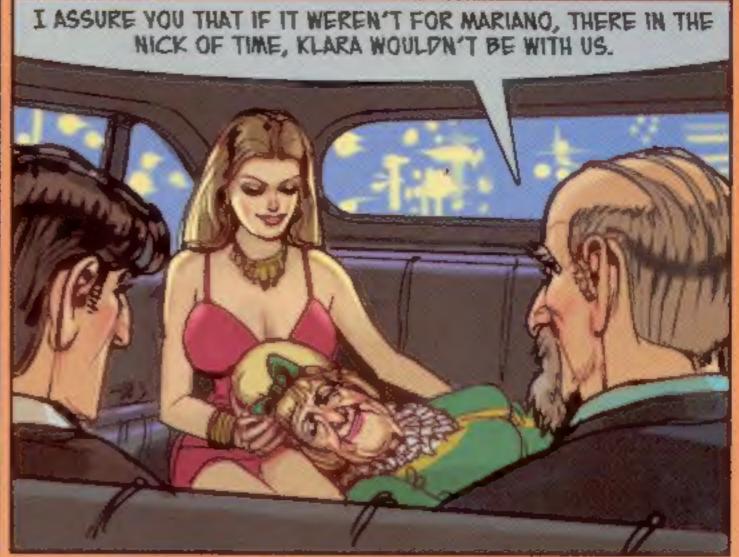














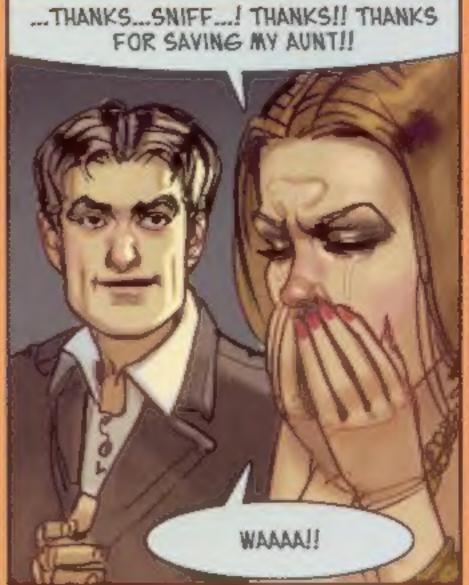






















THE NEXT DAY I WAS WORKING AS WE'D AGREED. NO ONE WAS THERE AND THE MAID SHOWED ME THE PIANO. THEN ALANA SUDDENLY ARRIVED ...

HI, MARIANO. MY AUNT WAS WITH THE POCTOR, HAVING A FEW TESTS PONE. BUT SHE LEFT ME A CHECK FOR YOUR HELP. I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.

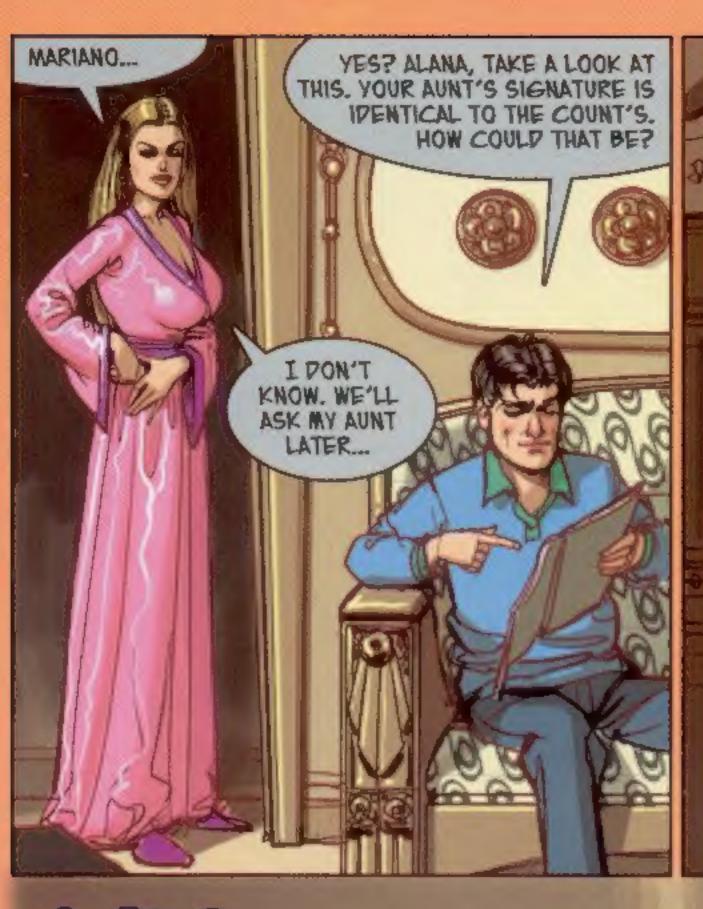


WHEN I SAW THE CHECK, IT WASN'T JUST THE NUMBERS THAT SURPRISED ME. THE SIGNATURE THAT KLARA HAD LEFT ON THE CHECK WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE SHE WROTE ON THE SCORE.



WHEN I LOOKED AT THE SCORE, I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THAT THE COUNT'S SIGNATURE FROM FORTY YEARS EARLIER WAS NEARLY IDENTICAL TO HIS WIDOW'S FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.

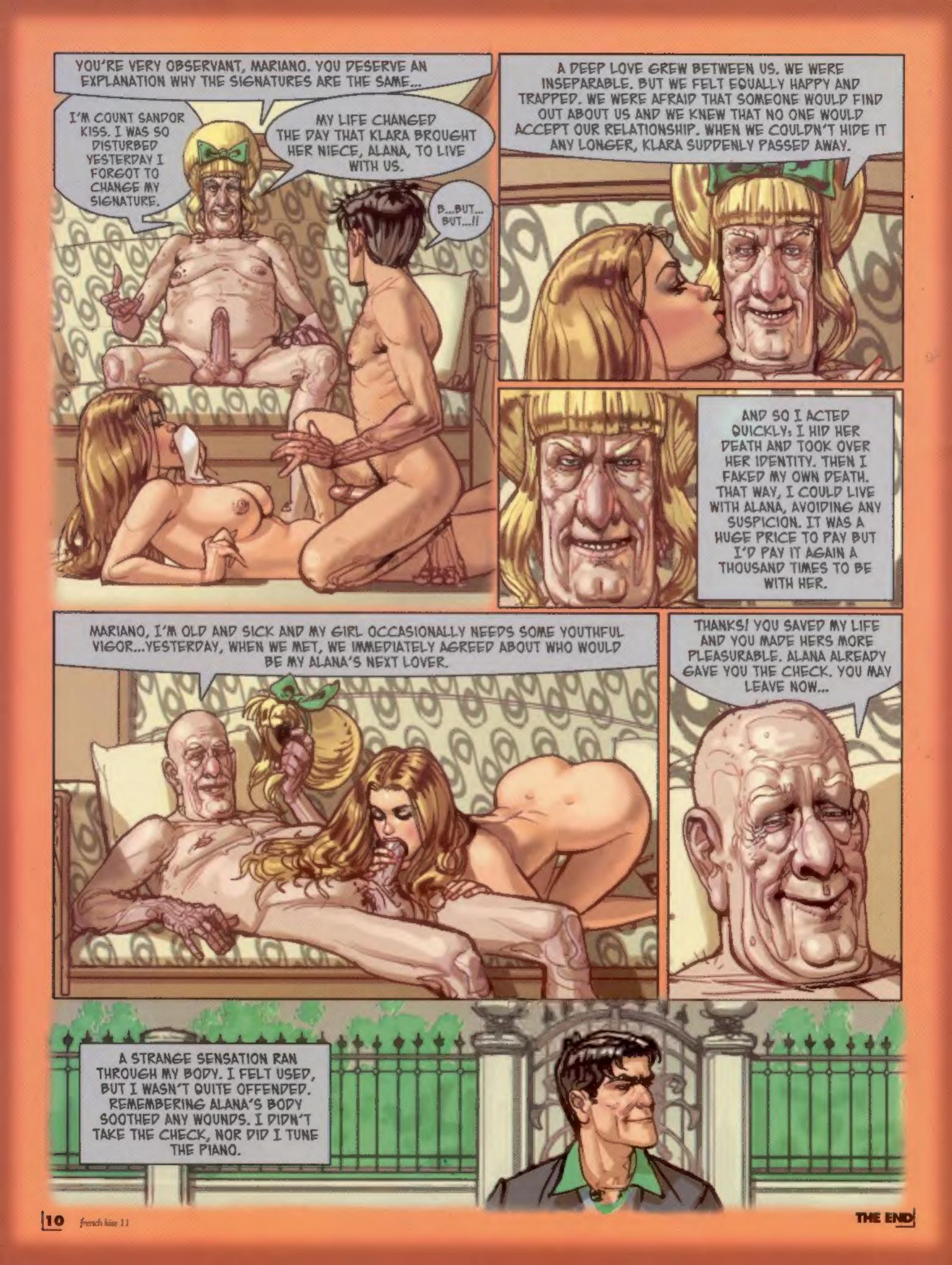












## Mondo Pomo

brings you the best of today's parn cinema explosive actresses, hard'n heavy actors, movie shoots if Im releases, hot fest vals



# Sex, Booties and Hot Girls

Our special guest this month is a country boy who looks like he's been eating and living well. He's also a chunk of 90s American porn history. Director, producer, actor and discoverer of sizzling hot stirtets, Patrick Collins is the guy totally responsible for the legendary saga Sodomania and tounder of the production companies Evil Angel and of late, in the 90s, Elegant Angel.

We met up at the latest AVN awards ceremony and we didn't miss a beat nailing down this little interview.

FRENCH KISS: You're famous for being a little dirty, very wild...

PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) Well, in porn I've always done what appealed to me the most, although I've always had to keep myselt to certain norms. of censorship that exist in hardcore American porn and chap my balls a little. At any rate, if I want to work with transies or if I want to shoot a tisting scene, I do. Other than that, what I really like are girls, the prettier, the better. And anal sex, too

FRENCH KISS: And girls' feet!

PATRICK COLLINS: Of course! They drive me crazy! But not all of them, some are sexy, some aren't. I'm really demanding about what turns me on!



PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) No, never. Elegant Angel started as a small business to make the sort of porn we liked watching ... and also because I've always loved hot, sexy women. All my lite I've surrounded myseit with things that excite me...Fortunately, there's a lot of people in the world who like what I do, so Elegant Angel has done well

FRENCH KISS: What's the difference between Evil Angel and Elegant Angel?

PATRICK COLLINS: Elegant Angel was created to give young directors a chance. We'd aiready done our work, and we had to find new people And there are lots of them. Like Rob Black, for example,

FRENCH KISS: Along with Thomas Zupko he's one of my favorites. Shooting Gallery is really good.

PATRICK COLLINS: (laughs) Yeah, the two of them are a little crazy, but very imaginative. At times they get a little out of hand



## "The thing I love most about porn is that it lets me live like a king!"

THE ASS KING

FRENCH KISS: For many years, you've worked side by side with John Stagliano...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah I met him at the end of the 80s, when he entrusted me with running the distribution and production sides of Evil Angel. We're great friends and we've had a great time working together for more than fifteen years

FRENCH KISS: You've created a porn empire around you, distributing movies by daring and different directors...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah, and I'm really proud of that. Gregory Dark. Rocco Siffredi, John Leslie, Bruce Seven, Bionca, Tianna, Stagliano himself we're almost all friends and we make the porn we like, that we enjoy...and we get off on it!

FRENCH KISS: Did you think you'd get so far in the porn industry?

#### THE HOTTEST GIRLS

FRENCH KISS: What do you like most about porn?

PATRICK COLLINS: That it lets me live like a king! (Laughs) No. just kidding...the truth is that I can't complain about my standard of aving. but the best thing is that I've fucked incredible women

FRENCH KISS: Which ones are your favorites?

PATRICK COLLINS: I like a bunch of them...right now, Hungarians are really hot. They've got a special charm. Of the ones from a while ago, Tiffany Minx, Elle Rio, Sofia Ferrari... that type of girl who really likes sex. You can always tell that when you're filming, and it's fantastic.

FRENCH KISS: Talking about actresses, you were one of the first American directors to shoot in Europe, why?

PATRICK COLLINS: For the reason I just told you: I love European girls My first movie was shot in Budapest. Since then I've been in love with Hungarian, Romanian, Czech girls...they're special. I've worked with Anita Blond, Aruta Dark, Enka Bella they're special women, some of the sexiest) I've ever known in my lite! And I've known plenty of them!

#### **ROCCO THE MAGNIFICENT**

FRENCH KISS: With regard to guys, who do you like the most?

PATRICK COLLINS: (Laughs) I like guys who really fuck, who live it... And so, there's no doubt about it: Rocco Suffredi. It's always a spectacle to see him in action, it's impressive. I've been a friend of his for more than fifteen years, and I can assure you that he loves his work. He lives every movie that he shoots 100%. That's why they're so hot and fans of hardcore sex. I also like Ron Jeremy because he's a homdog. He's a real icon and the whole world knows him. Whenever I go to a party, there's Ron Jeremy!

FRENCH KISS: You've worked with young, unknown actors...

PATRICK COLLINS: Yeah. I like working with new talents, Especially women... I also keep an eye out occasionally for guys, like in Spain, Toni Ribas and Nacho Vidal. Toni's directed various series as a director for my production company, such as *Hardcore Innocence* and *Leg Love*. He's a good guy and he really cares about everything he does. He's starting out as a director, and he isn't too bad at all. And of course, Nacho Vidal. He's very passionate, like Rocco. Now he's a big star, one of the best in the world.

FRENCH KISS: Well, that's it, thanks alot...

PATRICK COLLINS: Thank you, let's see if you get some more ass!



"The actor I like the most is Rocco Siffredi.
It's always such a show to see him in action.
It's impressive."

#### **BASIC PATRICK COLLINS**

These are the essential films of this worldwide king of porn:

1992 Buttwoman Back in Budapest

1993 Anal Diary of Misty Rain Bottom Dweller

1996 Double Anal Alternatives

Coming of Nikita

1998 Sodomania Slot Shots Bunghole Harlots 2

1999
Big Babies in Budapest
Sodomania 30
Sodomania Gangbang Edition
Sodomania Orgies
Cumback Pussy 25

2000 Bruce Seven 's Favorite Endings Slut Woman Welcome to Chloeville 2 Buttwoman Does Budapest

2001
Blowjob Adventures of Dr. Fellatio 12
Gangbang Angels 19
Bottom Dweller 5
Sodomania 35
Buttwoman Iz Bella
Female Orgasms
Tickled Pink
Freakazoids 2

2002 Nikki Takes a Trip Lingerie Orgies Big Bottom Sadie

2003 100% Strap On Super Freaks Collection



by Atilio Gambedotti & Ivan Guevara





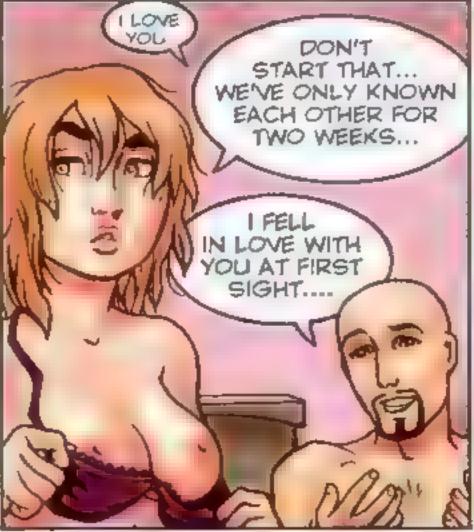


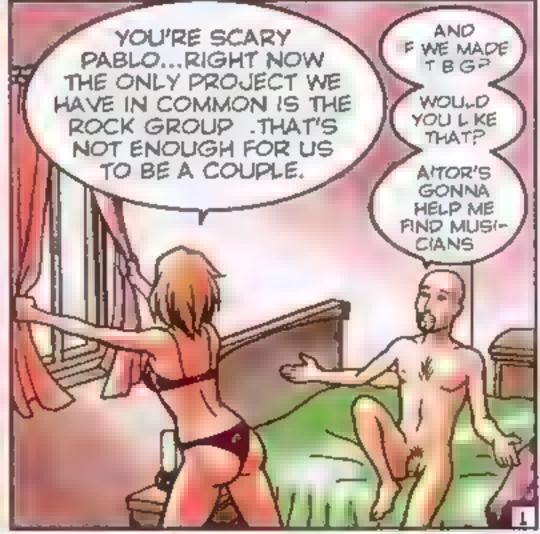






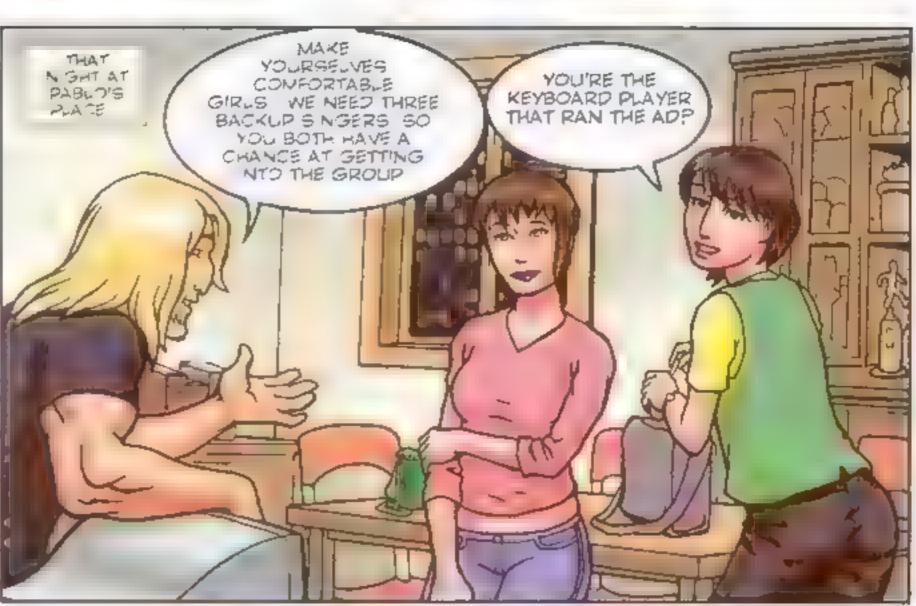


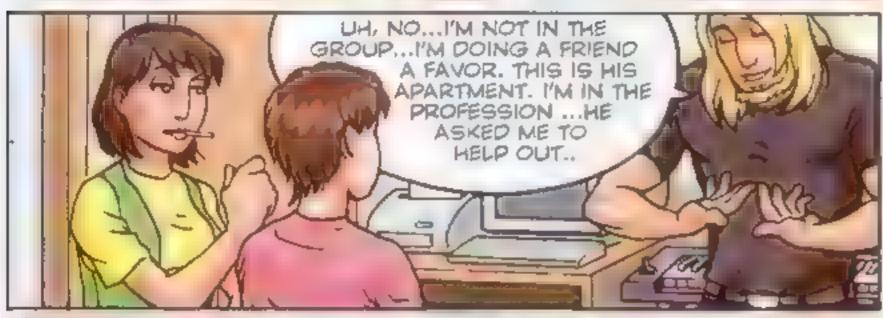




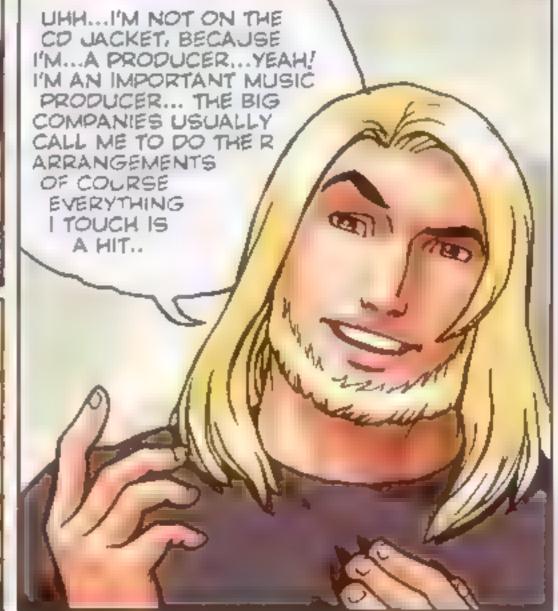
















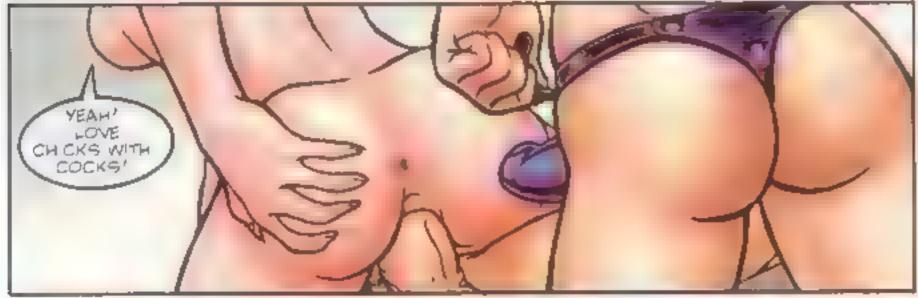




























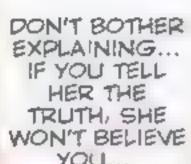




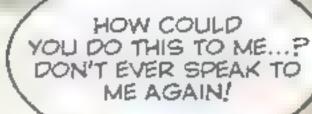


























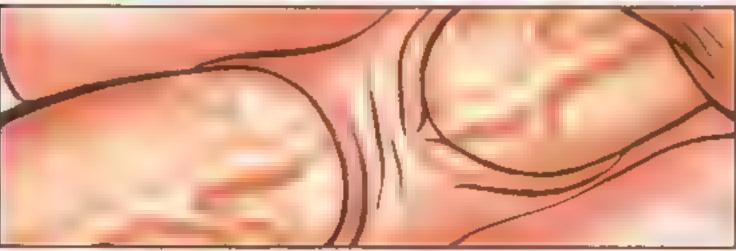












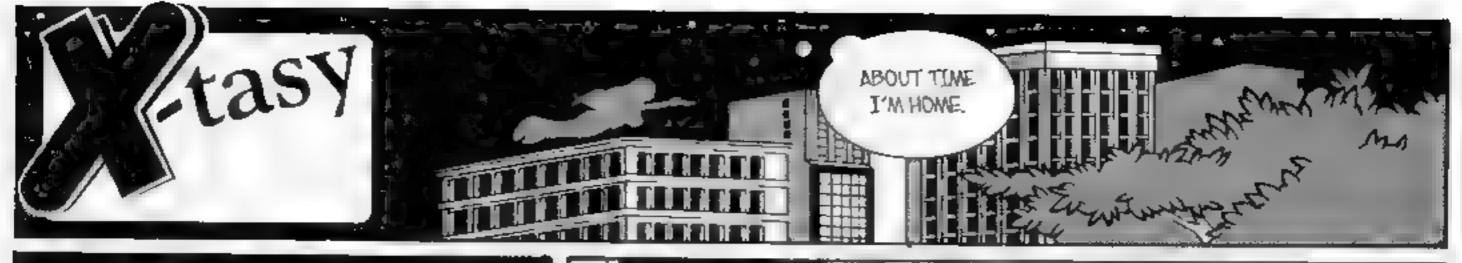






























































THIS IS

THE BEST JOB WE

EVER DONE!











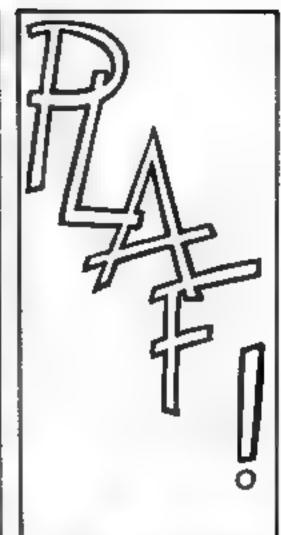






















THE END

# Under the counter

## by Ruben Lardin











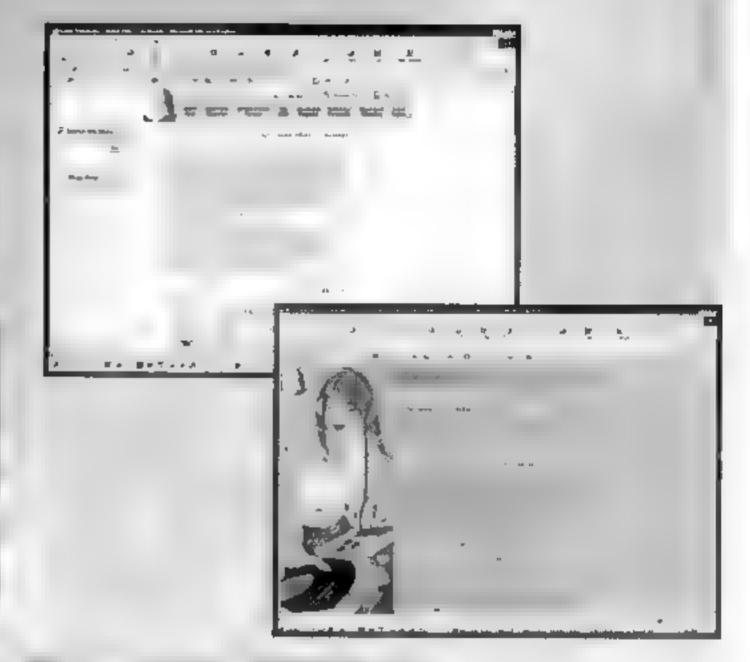
Understanding women is impossible without underestimating or getting pissed off at them, and it's equally impossible for them to understand its without of getting mad at us or seeing that we're hopeless assholes. That's the game. Their wiles and our superficiality are often irreconcilable, and that's why it's better to take photos. Period. Dahmane is a guy who lated s a lot (the goofball) from the back cover of his latest book, a compilation. of the women who are or have been a part of his artistic life. Erotic Sessions. printed in gold ink like a Victorian luxury item, lets us in on the moments, the passions, the emotions and the experiences that a bur chapt pretty girls have shared with the photographer over his career. And that's how he planned it, as an acknowled tement in appreciation and homage to the women who have gone before his lens, opening up a sexual and irtistic life that mixes love with photography and photography with live, as it must be. D. hmane wears the hat of conteac man with a re-Before venturing into a conceptual or technical reading, we find subselves a privated by those booties shining utager clearly to in scenes that are ain our bitrocke, those knees that block off the scenery, the scripture a lusions and the striving to portray exhibit on smalled aeve an exact strillness. All thas in a black and white that is well balanced between functionality and creation. make this Parisian, vintage '59, a master of the genre, or at it is one of the most honest. The reader can look at the book with a diversity of intentions, often more directed to sensuality than an assement and terrains the pages you realize there are two things that contain it he and or sistancing is an interesting name, one is his keenness for bodies from rehand stoom on ges, and the other is the steady gamed the whites of the eyes. Not always is the look in a woman's eyes given the er incomportance it deserves, and usually it's everything Erotic Sessions is a pleasant anthology, ar horized in its presence, one should savor all the shades of grav

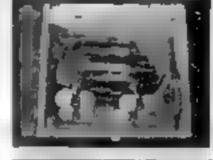
EROTIC SESSIONS

Dahmane

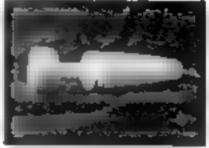
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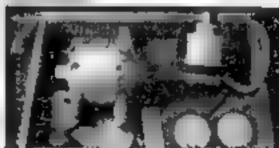
In specialized bookstores or at www.lamusardine.com













Joans Blank, creator of the website Good Vibrations, has accumulated a variety of vibratory artifacts dating from 1869 to 1970, the fruit of twenty years as a collector. Ingenious massagers, which were made to relieve teminine disorders and treat hysteria in their time, are now part of the Antique Vibrator Museum. This virtual space allows us to reflect on appliances that were once held against real flesh, though they may look like eggbesters of fatoristic weapons. But Good Vabrations offers much more for those who like reading abor tises, whether in the form of essays theory of fiction. Columns and articles on the noble delicate art of spanking oxidespread as a spenti neads onjugil practice, but very rarely practiced with ristification), basic instructions for introducing women to anal pleasures, advace for nipple stimulation (table foreitten zones), ideas for adding Jing to misturpation routines, a small guide to seduction and other basic toangs that we may not pliv enough attention to. With an educational, warm tone. Good Vibrations is another great example that nothing makes sex better than words in case you doubted it. For all audiences, www.goodvibes.com

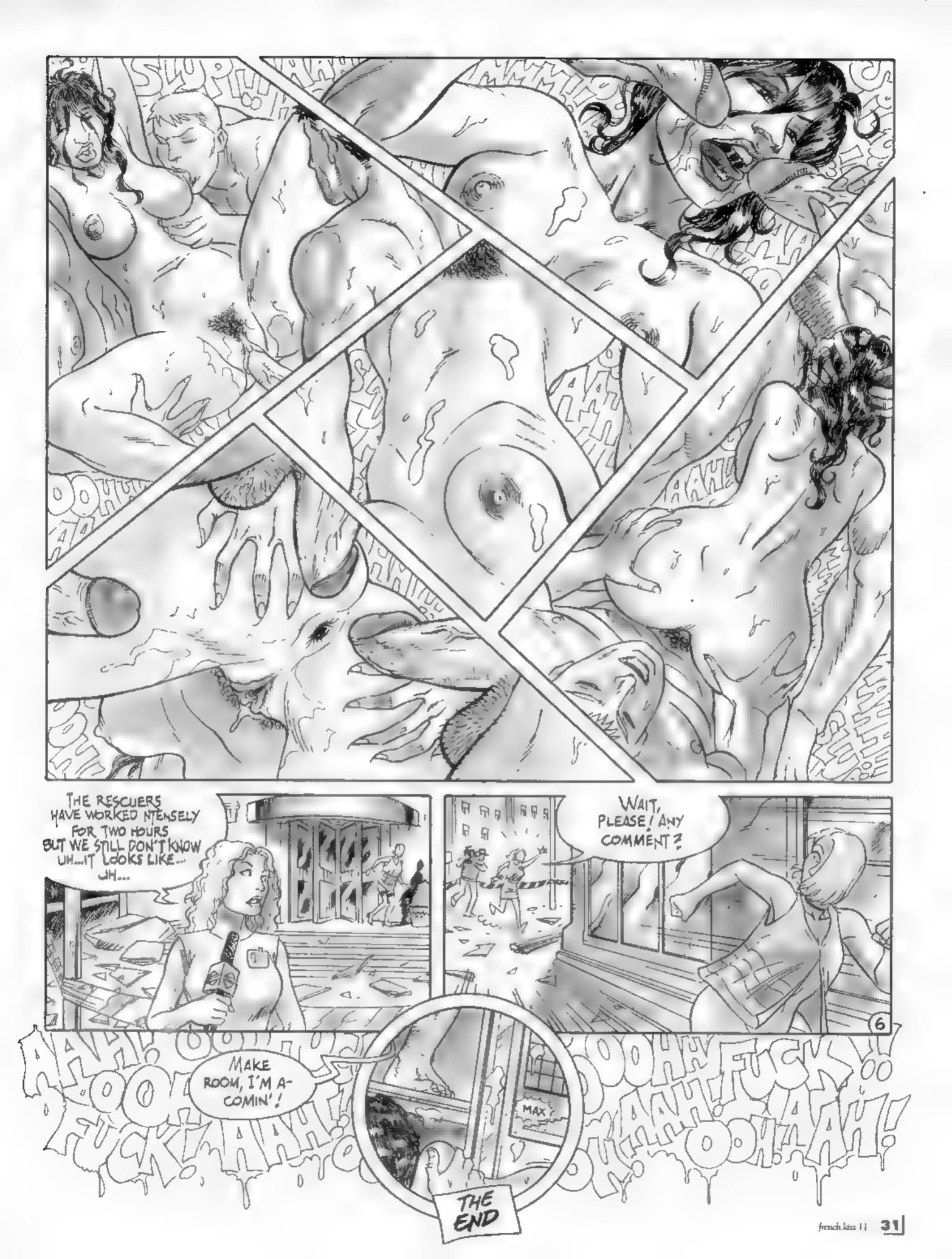












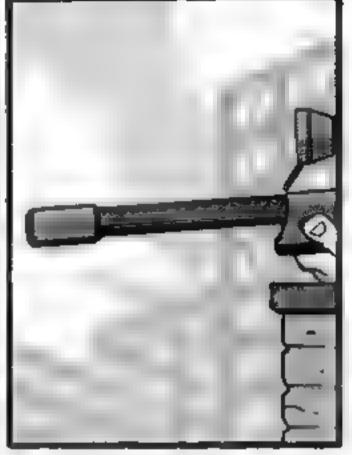


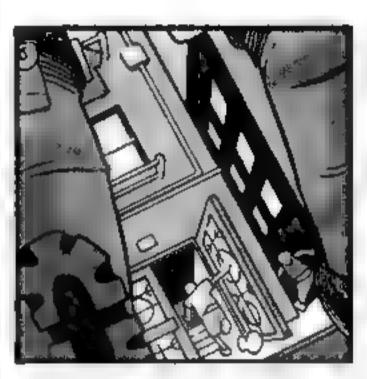
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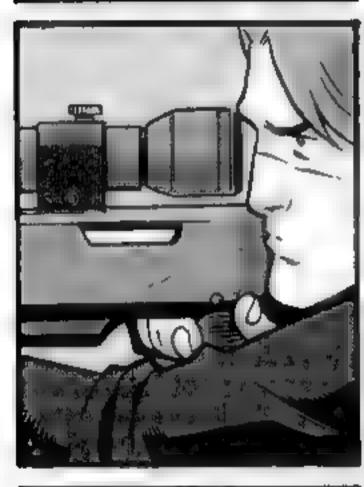
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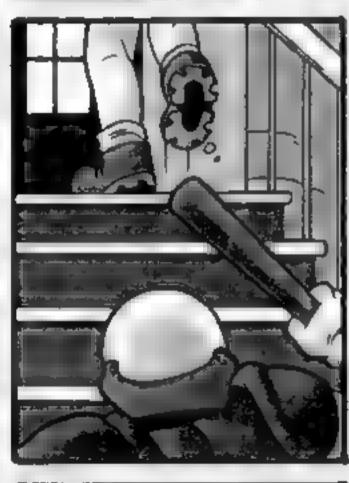


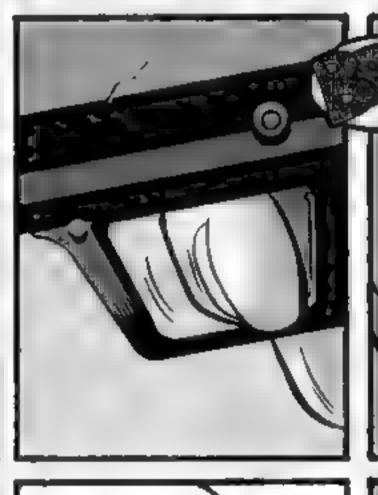


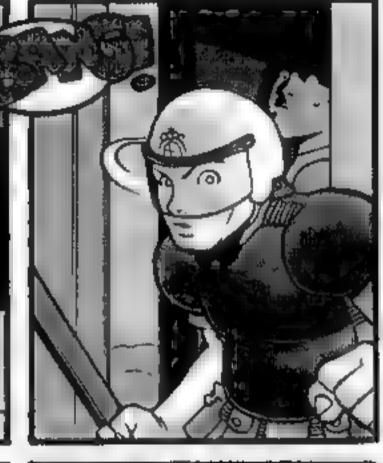












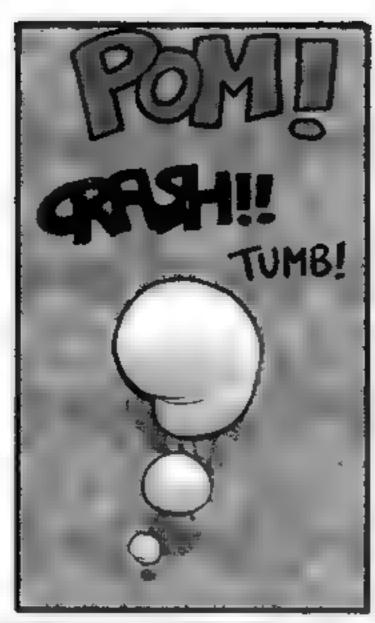










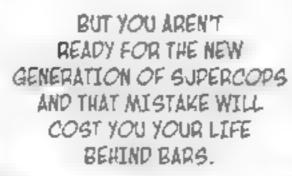
















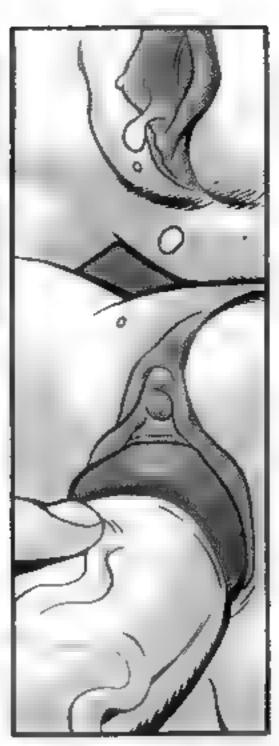




























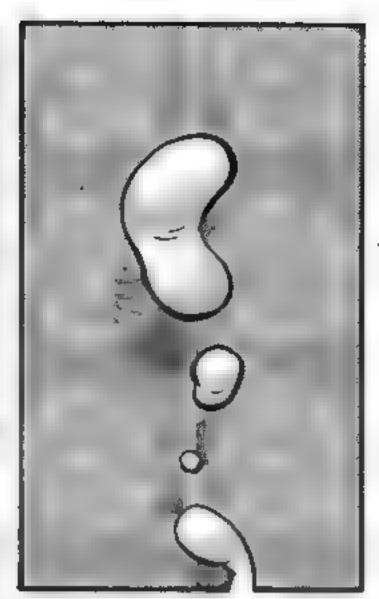


















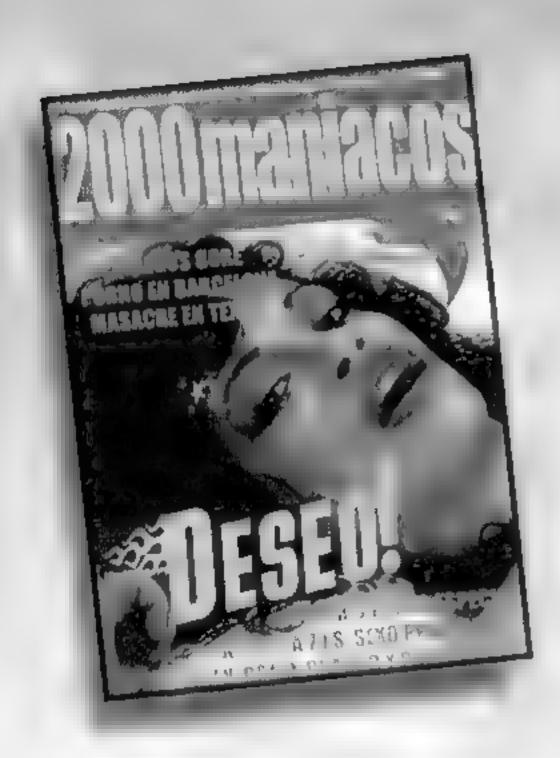


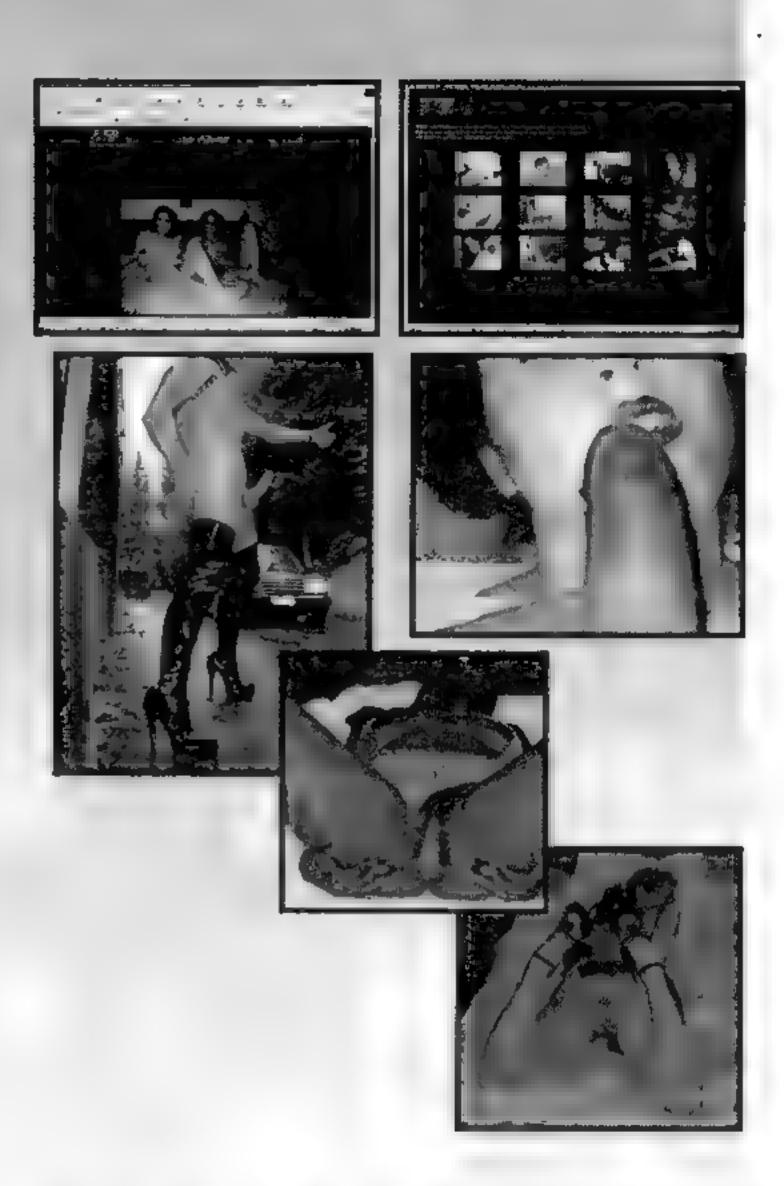


### Under the counter

(Continued from page 25)

by Ruben Lardin





### **MOVIES 'N' WHORES**

To kick the doldrams, nothing's better than the springtime dose of 2000 Manuacs, the legendary Spanish fanzine on wild movies, fine slutiness and mental mess. This of the issue extends to videogames with a focus on gore, includes a photographic montage of the latest Festival of Erotic Cinema of Barcelona. II terviews with gentlemen such as Terrence Stamp, Antonio Escohotado, Koldo Serra, Screaming Mad George, Miguel Angel Martín and the fighter from Seville, Benito Galán, and women such as Rachel Arieff multifaceted artist and raunchy lady and Carmen, the feverish, w.l.t. As da ision cocksmoker. Alsof this is dotted with the usual reviews of bizarre films, and nast which the nest interesting is a small article on sen, is of the 20s and 30s in Spain and a spiend did sister on 70s porm, in which the ladies are jush and droopy broasted, and the ensy aren't made up eather. 2000 Manages, altas ugh at doesn't seem I ke it has substance and should be obtained reading even for the most uptight academics, who are represented in the magazine within the comic strip The Prisoner. Order it by mail, right

2000 MANIACOS #30 Self-published Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46080 Valencia, Spain manolinv@inicia.es

### **SO YOU CAN SEE IT**

Internet interactivity has a let mere passa if an videogames. Showuself is a web site where you can post you phot is instantaneously, without tilters in several specialized sections: guys displaying themselves for women, guys showing themselves att for guys, gir's in full spread-eagle, various ter shes and the most logical for a site like this, the Shooters Club, in which show off women from here and there ask viewers to shoot their was on their places. There are eighty photos in each section, and when a new one is upasaded the oldest is deleted. You can put yours up with your address, add a commentary or a request and most certainly some ine will respond in sour markex. It sit, nito a sok at photos of girls who ask for cum facials on their angelical faces or between their tittles, and then give you the tinger by return mail. The page effers more sections, but you have to pay for them j and they're not as fun. So, readers: we're as virtually satisfied as we can be this month, but don't be shy, go ahead and post your stuff, it gets us really

www.showuself.dk













### "Nude is artificial." -Frankie Nitti

I was surrounded by asses on all sides. Thousands of twentys, thirtys, and forty-something men and women and some clueless guy of an indeterminate age acting like a servant, had filled up Central Park at six in the morning at the call of Spencer Trunick.

The meeting was illegal, of course. But word had spread, at the very least, all around the city. The great Spencer Trunk k was conducting one of his photographic sessions with thousands of naked bodies of volunteers who presented themselves there at that time.

I already knew Trunick from years ago: the shyster wasn't much of an artist, although it was true that photography had accompanied him throughout his life: I met him in jail, where he was serving a sentence for having installed video cameras in the locker room of a popular gym. His obsession for capturing images of women in indiscreet postures or showing more flesh than is allowed led to him travel to all the nudist beaches in the country and attend all the Miss Nude America contests. He was also fond of staying up all night keeping watch on neighboring windows in search of a glimpse of a woman who'd let her guard down or setting off the flash beneath the skirt of any girl out for a late night stroll wearing skimpy panties. A sicko, what have you

After serving his third sentence for invasion of privacy, he decided to redirect his voyeuristic compulsions towards art and a make a business out of it he started traveling around the world photographing multitudes of bodies of local volunteers. To be honest, his photos continued to have little artistic ment-although some people will consider anything art, including this garbageand to the sad sacks who showed up, art really mattered very little to them. They were just excited by the idea of being naked next to thousands of people in the middle of the city. This unique experience and the sensation of doing something prohibited were sufficient motivation to be there And so, art was, once again, the pretense behind which the real motives were hidden; for the photographer, the opportunity to see thousands of naked bodies through his lens, for the voluntary models, the chance to experience an event of multitudinous urban exhibitionism

And me, what was I doing there? Well, a little of everything Business and pleasure, mainly Through a megaphone Trunick's assistant instructed us to be face down. Before me stood three beauties who appeared eminently European, three young ladies who couldn't be older than nineteen, and who laughed the whole time and hugged each other. They were brown-haired and had very pale skin and chunky asses. One of them was a bit thinner, with an ass that hung lower. Needless to say, I couldn't take my eyes off the cracks in those asses, although my attention was distracted constantly by thousands of glances, breasts, and pussies

# Naked in the City

In any case, it was a relief to have the opportunity to lie face down, because my cock wasn't doing much to ignore the flesh festival that I was attending. It didn't get any better when the girls lay down in front of me, leaving their behinds wide open from where I was, I could pleasurably view their tender assholes, their pussy lips, their bushes...l even thought I could sniff out a mixture of pussy juices

I was dumbfounded trying to discern which seaside aromas belonged to whom and had totally forgotten about Spencer Trunick and his idiot assistant when I heard a murmur by my side. I turned around, a handsome, athletic guy, with a hippie vibe, was discreetly trying to get my attention. When he got it, he gestured to me with a naughty smile so that I'd get the message, this is how you do it. The guy spread his arms and, very decidedly, put his huge hands on the snowy buttocks of one of the European girls. The most surprising thing was this the girl didn't do anything at all. She didn't even turn over

The guy started massaging her butt, opening and closing the checks like an accordion. I saw that one of her friends cast a wary glance behind her, letting out a little laugh. My pal (anyone this shameless is a friend of mine) lay down to put his face right by her ass, and without a word or hesitation, got down, burving his nose in the girl's asshole and his tongue in her pussy. And there he lay, drinking her in

I had a distraction, too. One of that girl's two friends, the taller one, had her feet just a few inches away from my face. She was plump with soft skin, and her black hair hung down in two childish ponytails. I noticed movement in front of me and caught her curious fingers between the lips of her short-bushed pussy. I decided to act and threw myself at the closest thing, her feet. I licked them ecstatically, passing my tongue between

her toes and breathing in the wonderful aroma of her little corns. Moaning in a language foreign to me, the girl pushed her ass into the air so that she was almost on all fours, and I decided to go for something else. My tongue united with her fingers at the opening of her pussy, making her wetter between her moist lips and her sweet folds. Then I hooked up with her right away, gluing myself to her spine and pulling on her little tittles We were already the center of attention. The guy who took the big initiative wound up getting jacked off by a reuhead while he are the ass of the girl he picked up. Surprisingly, the rest of the nudists, far from stopping us or protesting, whispered and started their own small movements towards getting it on: sex is to nudism what planes are to flying: you can't have one without the other Right away everyone forgot the nature in naturism to remember how natural it is to fuck, tangling themselves in an orgy of masses of young ladies, triends and whole families experimenting with sex and strangers in industrial quantities. Too early, because I hadn't planned any of it, I came in the tall girl's mouth, and wiped my dick off on her hair. Then I cast a glance at the panorama, Central Park bubbling over with intertwined, tangled bodies. After laughing at the sight of the artist taking photos with one hand and beating off with another (his two great passions finally coming to light), I discreetly left for the rented garage, set up like a military headquarters by Trumck's people

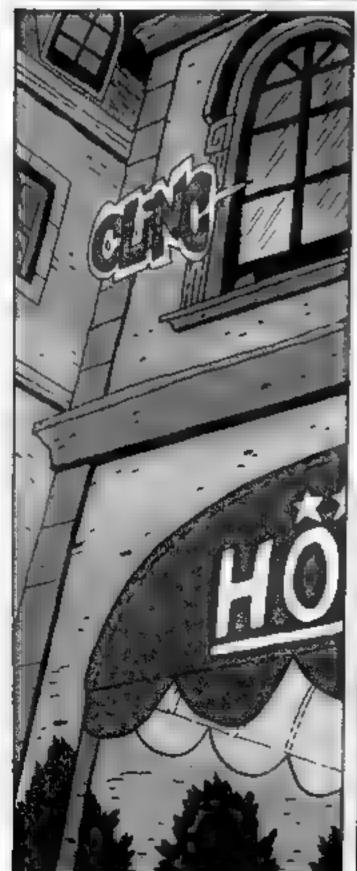
The guy at the door wasn't surprised to see me enter nude, but he should have been surprised to see me behind the wheel of the truck carrying all the clothes, purses, wallets and other belongings of the five thousand volunteers who at that moment were fucking like dogs in Central Park

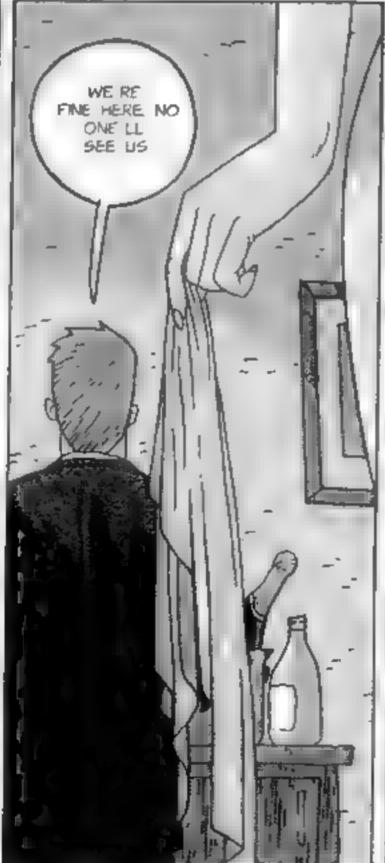
But, even more, he should of thought about how very extravagant those artist types can be





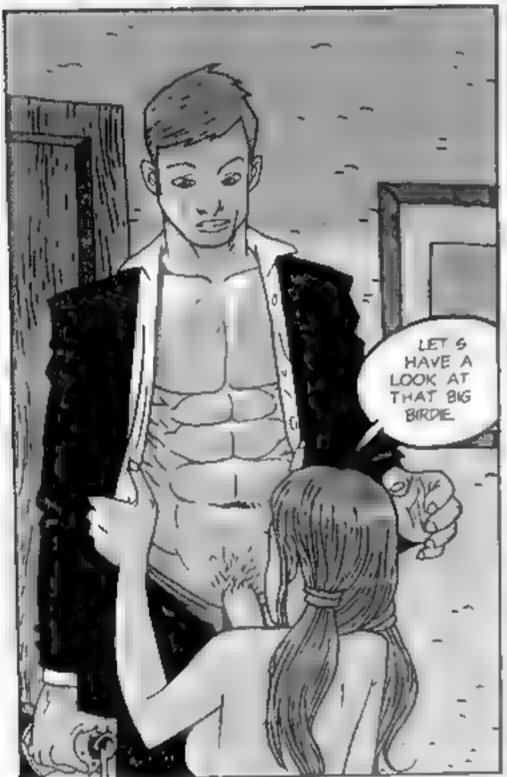


















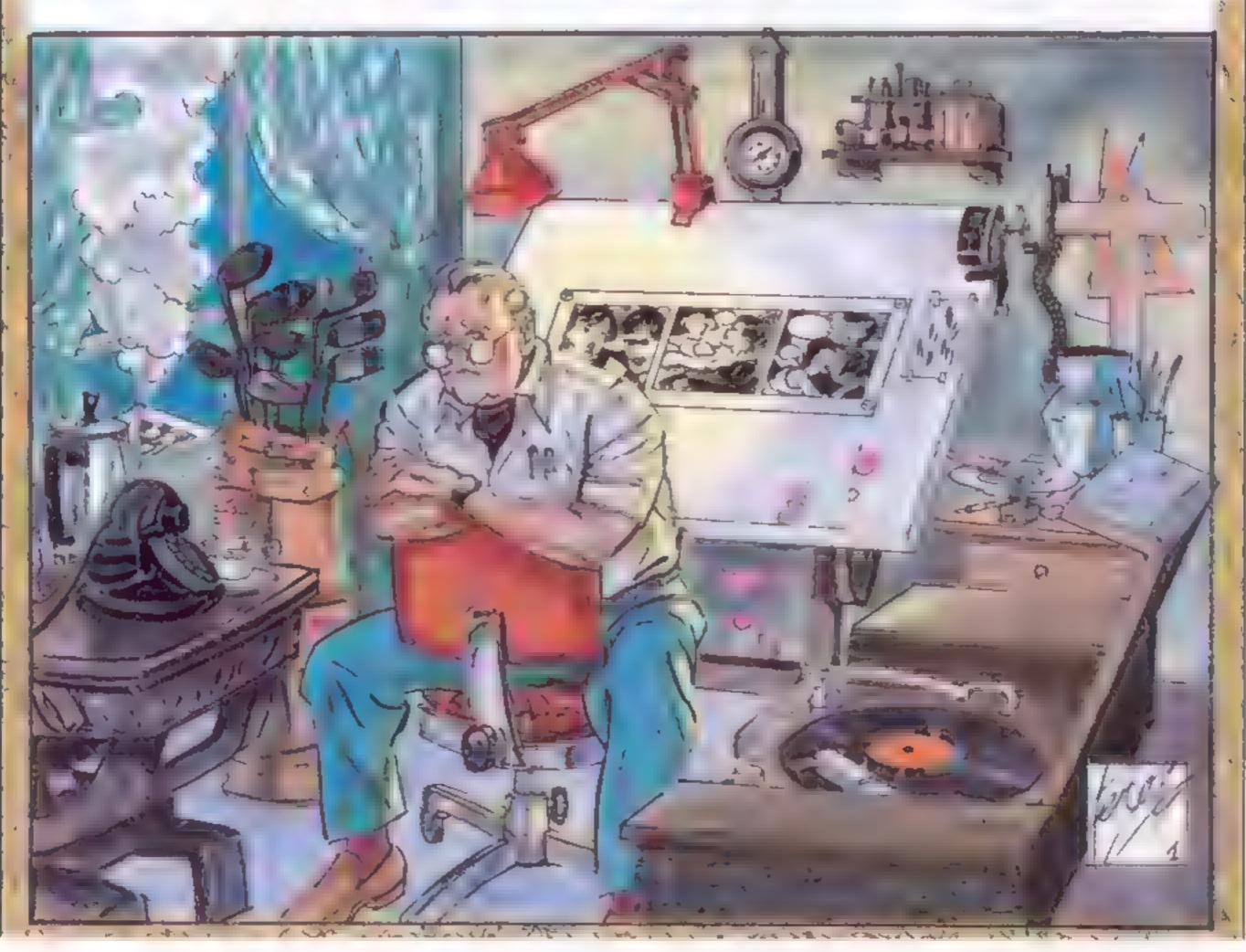








OLD JIM BOW HAD BEEN ONE OF THE GLORIES OF ROMANTIC AMERICAN COMIC STRIPS: "THE KING OF MELODRAMA". BUT HE WAS RETIRED AND DEPRESSED. HE HATED THINGS LIKE FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE PARK, HIS SHRINK TOLD HIM TO GO BACK TO DRAWING, BUT THE ROMANTIC MELODRAMA WAS OLD FASHIONED. HE FELT USELESS AND FORGOTTEN BY HIS FANS, WHO DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS ALIVE. EVERY NIGHT HE WENT TO HIS STUDIO TO REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



BUT JIM ISN'T JUST A GLOOMY OLD MAN, HE'S THE PATRIARCH OF THE "RAIN-BOW" CLAN, THE WEALTHIEST FAMILY IN DRY BARKS COUNTY.

ITS HARDWORKING MEMBERS HAVE BECOME RECOGNIZED PROFESSIONALS, YERY LIBERAL. THERE ARE DOCTORS, SOCIOLOGISTS AND ENGINEERS SITTING AROUND THE FAMILY TABLE.



JIM WASN'T A DOCTOR OR ENGINEER, NOR DID HE HAYE A COLLEGE DEGREE, BUT HE WAS THE ONLY WORLD-FAMOUS MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. AT LEAST, HE WAS AT ONE TIME; NOW MANY OF THOSE WHO STILL REMEMBER HIM AND STUDY HIS WORK BELIEVE HE'S DEAD.



THE RELATIVES GET TOGETHER AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH MONTH TO DISCUSS THE FAMILY PROBLEMS AND MAKE DECISIONS.



SOMETHING'S BOTHERING ME. NINA. THAT PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT SON OF YOURS, CLARENCE, HAS SCREWED UP AGAIN.



WITH THE DAUGHTER OF THE POLICE CHIEF, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT'S WHY IT'S ALL HUSHED UP. AT LEAST FOR NOW!!













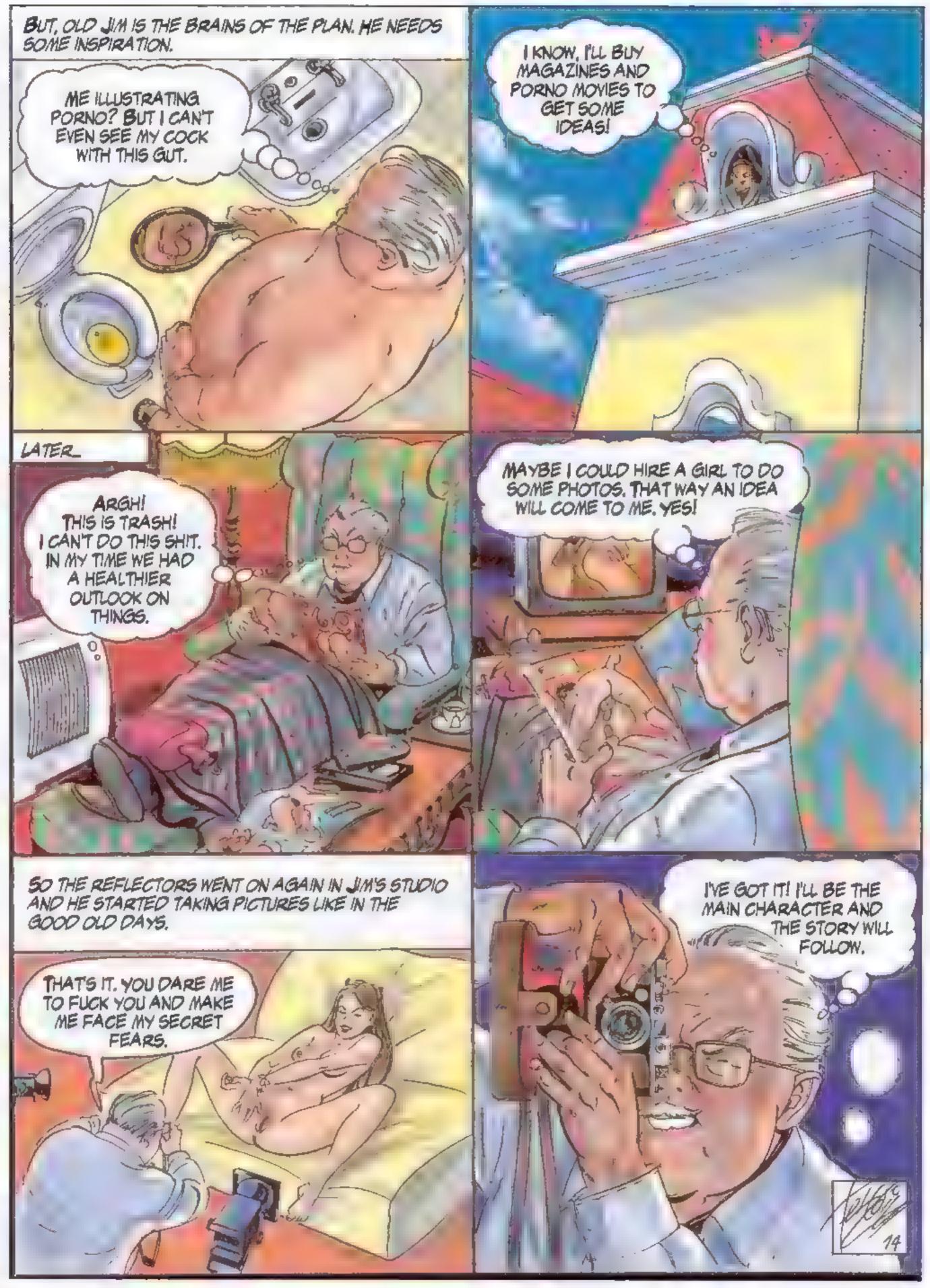
















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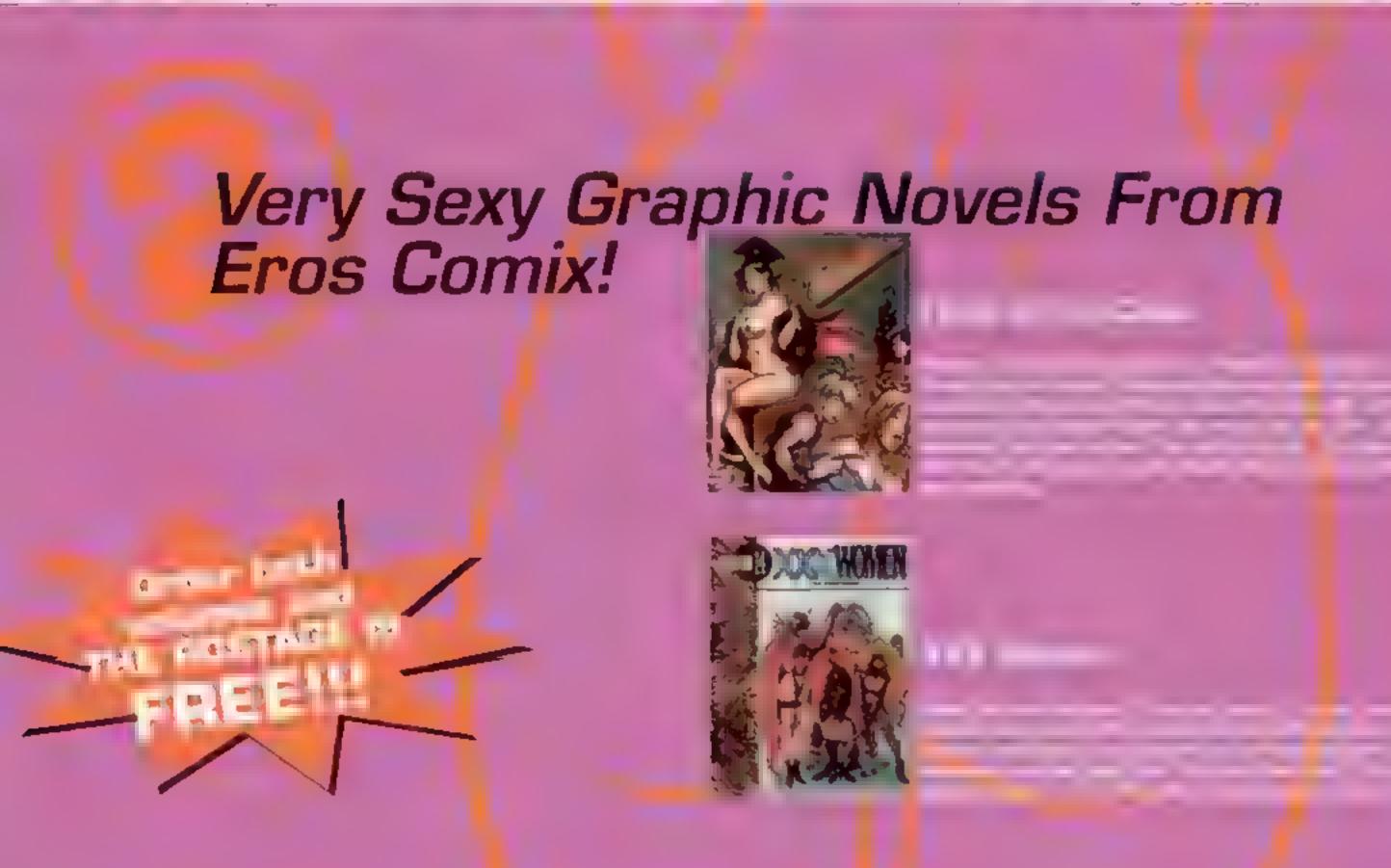
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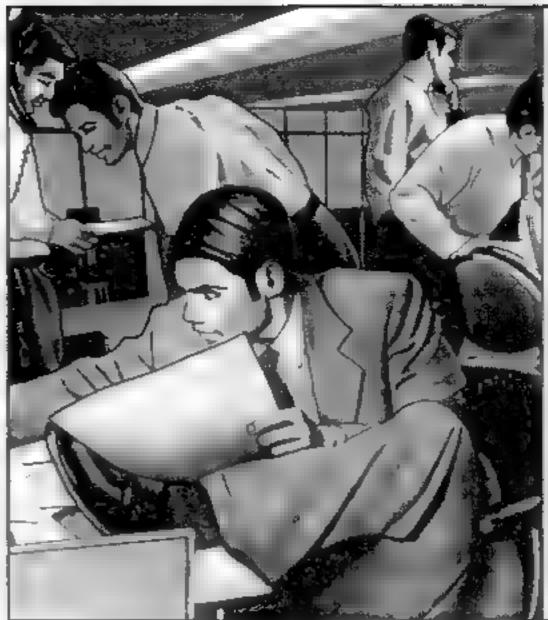
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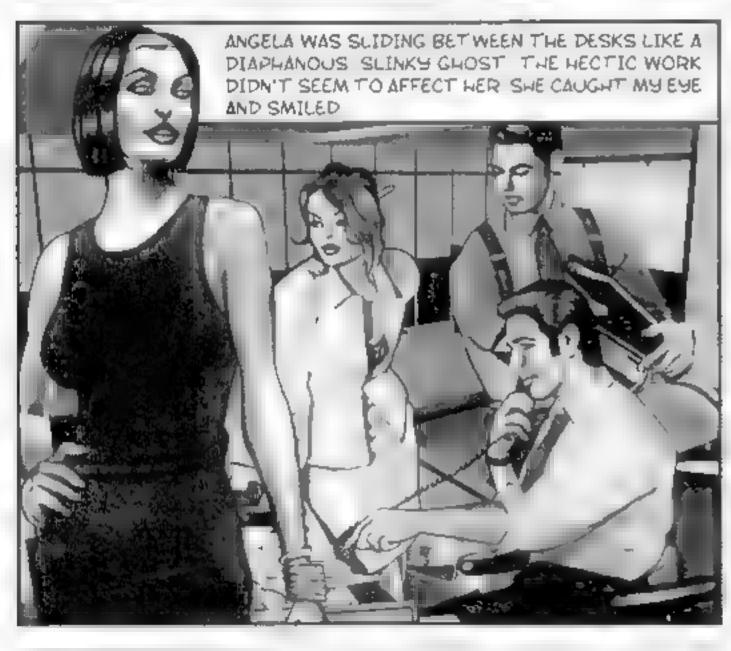
ANY ONE OF US COULD BE SEPARATED FROM THE MOST UNEXPECTED PERSON BY ONLY SIX DEGREES SIX PEOPLE, SIX DIFFERENT LIVES, SIX STORIES LINKED BY FATE ONE DAY WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT. WE MEET A PERSON WE COULDN'T HAVE IMAGINED IN A MILLION YEARS AND SEX DOESN'T SEEM TO ESCAPE THIS PHENOMENON OF COURSE, WITH SEX ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE WITH SEX ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

FRIDAY MORNING, TEN-THIRTY. IT HAD BEEN A HARD WEEK REALLY FUCKING HARD EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE SEEMED EXHAUSTED FINALLY, THE GRUELING PACE WAS WINDING DOWN I DECIDED TO TAKE A BREAK



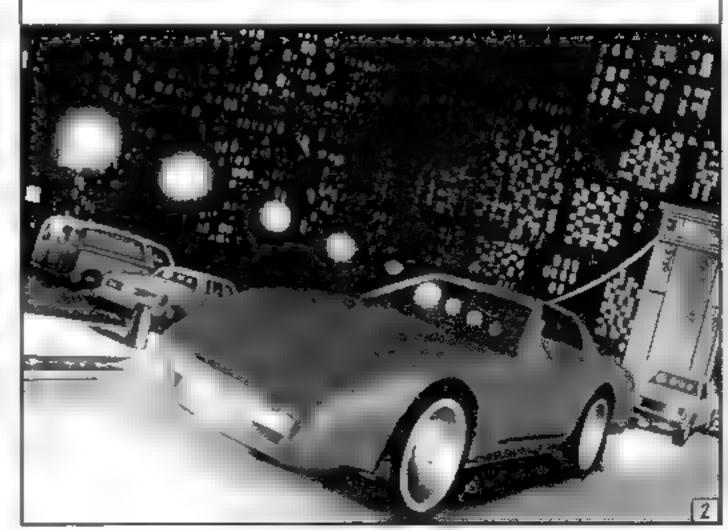


M9 CO-WORK-ERS WERE FINISHING UP THE LAST DETAILS THE CHAOTIC RACKET IN THE OFFICE SEEMED TO FALL TO TOLERABLE LEVELS THE MOST FRENZIED. STRESSFUL PART OF THE WORK WAS DONE, AT MY DESK, I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND LEANED BACK





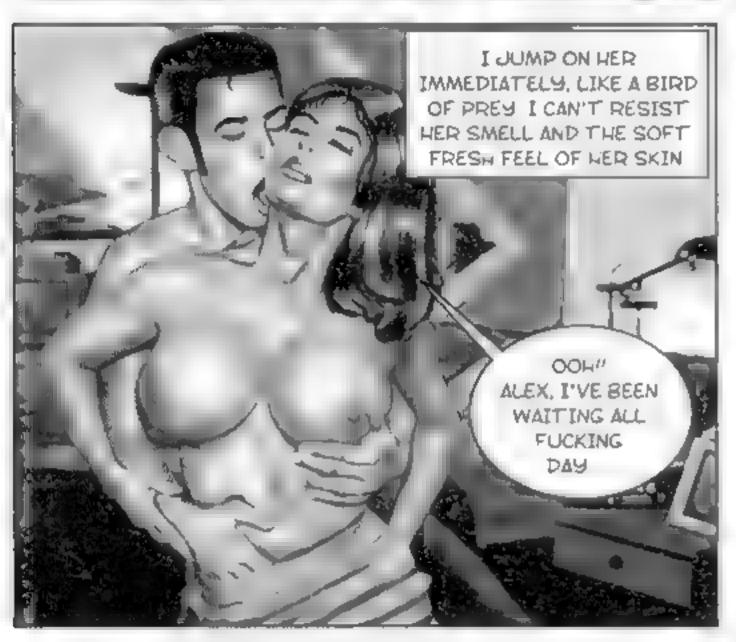




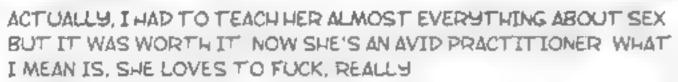
BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE OTHER THINGS IN MIND AS SOON AS THE OFFICE CLOSES, I SPEED HOME, CURSING AT THE TRAFFIC

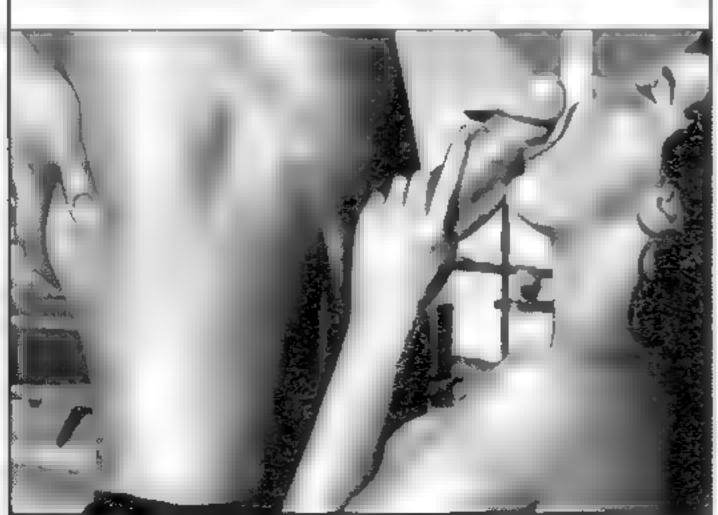














AND DID I EVER SLAM IT IN THIS GIRL MAKES ME SO HOT. I COULD SUGGEST ANY CRAZY GAME AND SHE'D ACCEPT WITH A SWEET SMILE HER SPONTANEITY IS WHAT MAKES HER SO ATTRACTIVE





WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR THREE MONTHS, SINCE I MET HER AND SINCE THEN, IT'S BEEN ONE CONTINUOUS SEX ORGY FILLED WITH DESIRE I WONDER IF I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL, WILL IT BE THE END OF MY CAREER?



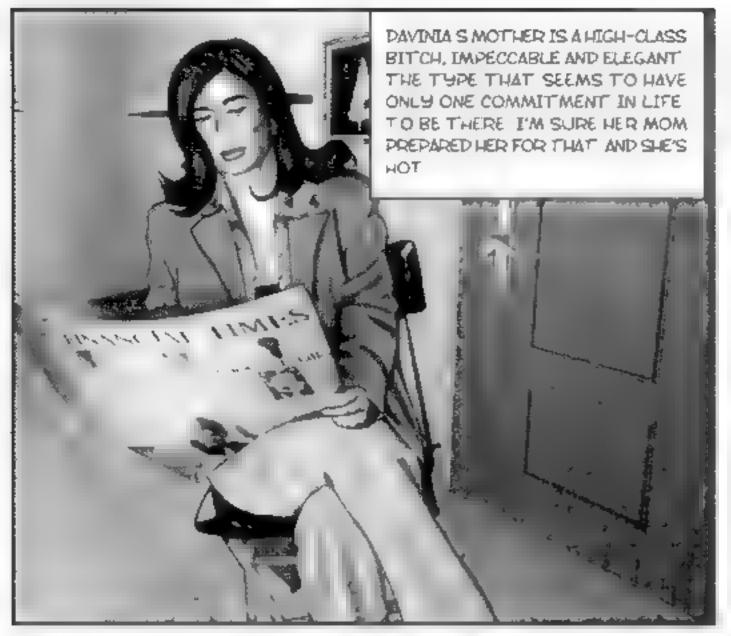


SHE MOVED WITH DESPERATE DESIRE, CARRIED AWAY BY A HURRICANE OF SENSATIONS AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO COME. THAT MADE ME EVEN HOTTER



I HARDLY NOTICED HER SOFT HANDS ON MY COCK I CAME IN AN UNCONTROLLABLE EXPLOSION, TOTALLY AT HER MERCY MY WHOLE BODY SHOOK SAVAGELY WHILE I SHOT AN INCREDIBLY HUGE LOAD







I HEAR THAT THE GUY BEATS HER FACE WITH HIS MONSTER ROD. COMES ALL OVER HER AND LEAVES HER BLACK AND BLUE. SHE LOVES. TO FEEL HUMILIATED AND ABUSED BY HIM



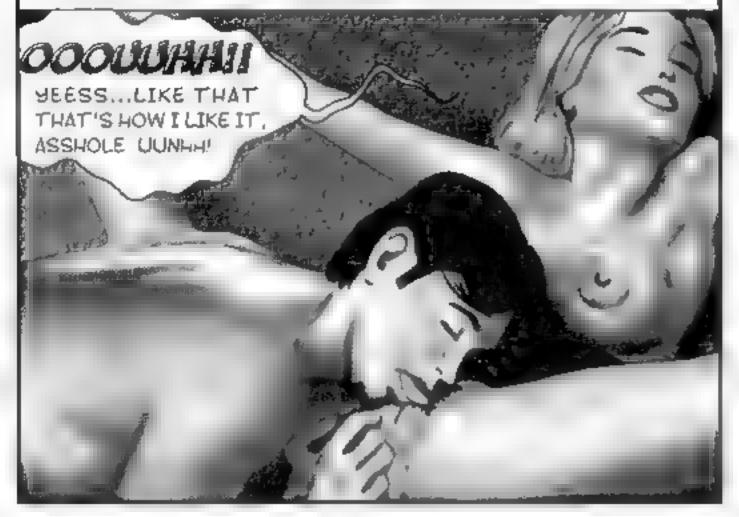
DAVINIA'S FATHER STARTED OUT SUCKING COCKS AND PUSSIES ON THE COAST NOW HE'S A PROSPEROUS BUSINESSMAN, WITH AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE, PLENTY OF INFLUENCE AND AN INTERESTING CIRCLE OF FRIENDS HE ALSO HAS HIS SEXUAL PREFERENCES







MONICA HAS A BOYFRIEND WHO'S A LITTLE YOUNGER. SHE MAKES HIM EAT HER MERCILESSLY. SOMETHING FROM HER BOSS HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO HER OWN SEXUAL TASTES AND MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE TREATS THE GUY LIKE SHIT



DANNY, THAT'S HIS NAME,
HAS TURNED OUT TO BE
A SUPER LOVER SEEMS
HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER
AND LETS HER GET AWAY
WITH ANYTHING

FUCK ME
HARDER
BASTARD,
DUSH HARDER,
TEAR MY
PUSSY APART
YESS"

AARRHHG!!

EVERY SEXUAL ENCOUNTER IS LIKE A BATTLE SOMETIMES THE KID FEELS LIKE AN INFLATABLE DOLL. DISPOSABLE AFTER USE. ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE AS LONG AS HE CAN BE WITH HER, AND THE FUCKING MAKES IT WORTHWHILE



SOMETIMES SHE EASES OFF A BIT (LIKE HER BOSS DOES WITH HER)
AND THE KID MAKES SOME CREATIVE MOVES TO GET OFF EVEN THOUGH
SHE LOOKS BORED. HE ENDS UP CUMMING IN A BIG WAY



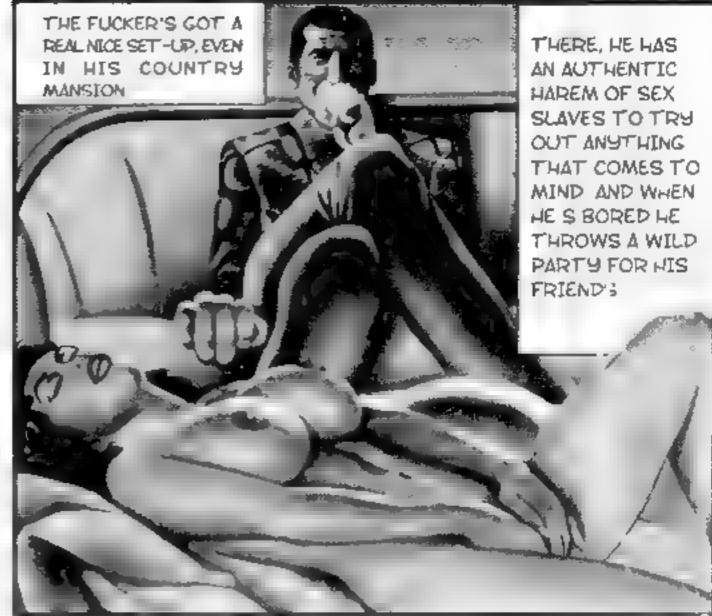
THE KID WORKS IN A MUSIC STORE THAT BELONGS TO A GUY NAMED ROMAN, A CITY DUDE, BIG BUCKS, WHO TREATS THE EMPLOYEES IN ALL HIS MANY BUSINESSES JUST FINE

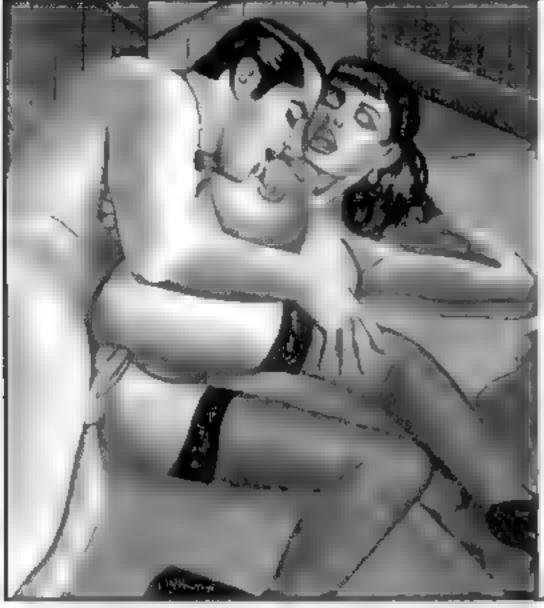


THIS ROMAN IS FAMOUS FOR HIS EVENING PARTIES SEEMS HE LOVES WOMEN, AND BETWEEN DRINKS AND DESIGNER DRUGS THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF ROOM FOR SEX









THE GUESTS ARE USUALLY A SELECT BUNCH WITH LOTS OF POWER IN THE CIT'S WHO END UP OWING HIM FAVORS THEY LIKE TO FIND DARK, QUIET SPOTS IN THE MANSION WHERE THEY CAN TRY NEW EXPERIENCES OR LET LOOSE THEIR WILDEST FANTASIES IN KINKY SEX



TO TOP IT OFF, ROMAN HAS A GIRLFRIEND AS DEPRAVED AND SADISTIC AS HIM. A BISEXUAL JEWEL WHO FITS IN PERFECTLY WITH THE WHOLE DEMENTED SCENE SHE'S CALLED SABRINA AND YOU SHOULD SEE HOW THE SLUT GETS OFF

ON SECOND THOUGHT IF I FUCKED ANGELA. IT WOULD BE LIKE KEEPING IT

IN THE FAMILY VERY TEMPTING, REALLY WITH ALL THOSE CONNECTIONS

THE GIRL COULD BE AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.



MAYBE I LL END UP GIVING IN TO MY CO-WORKER'S ADVANCES. WHO KNOWS?

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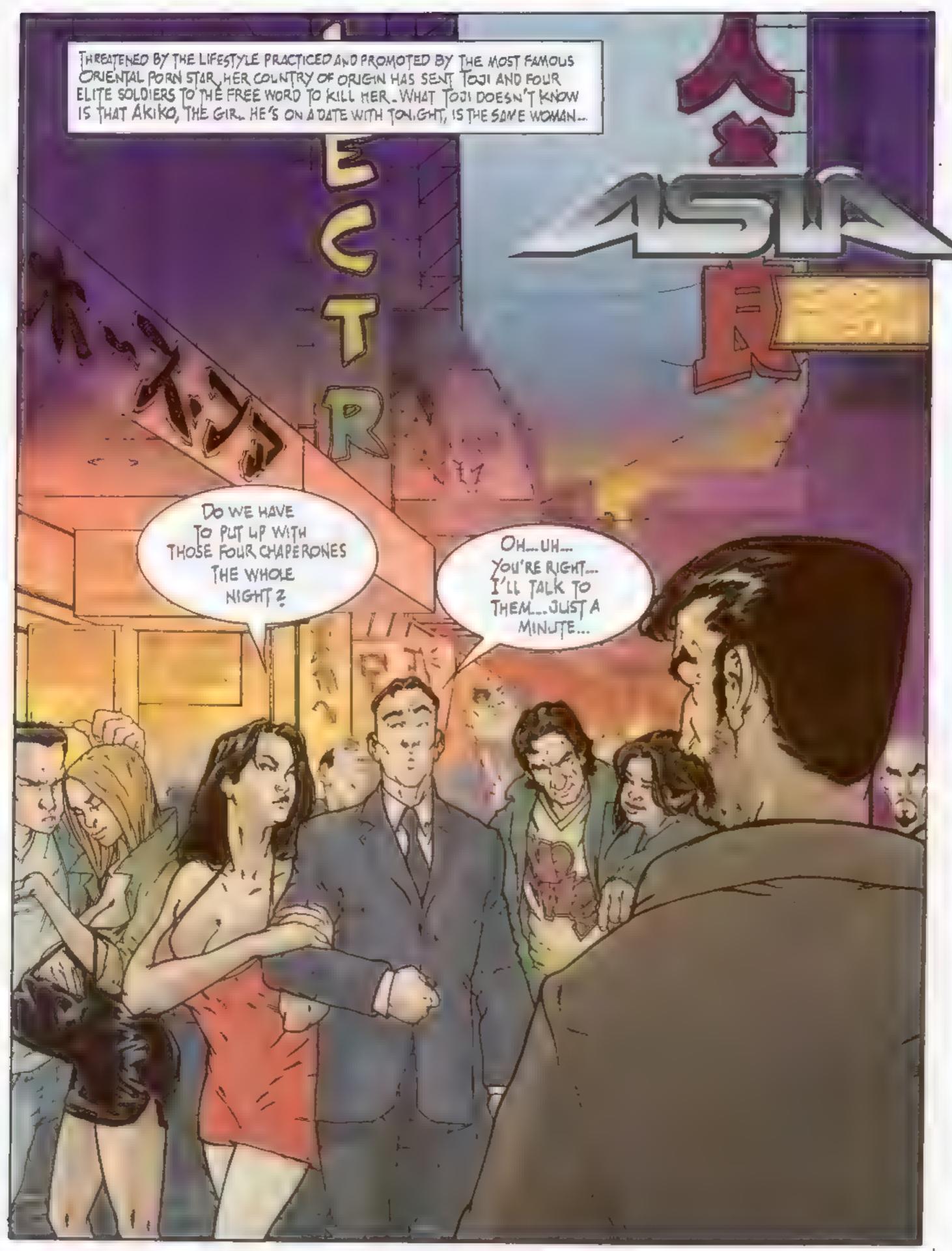








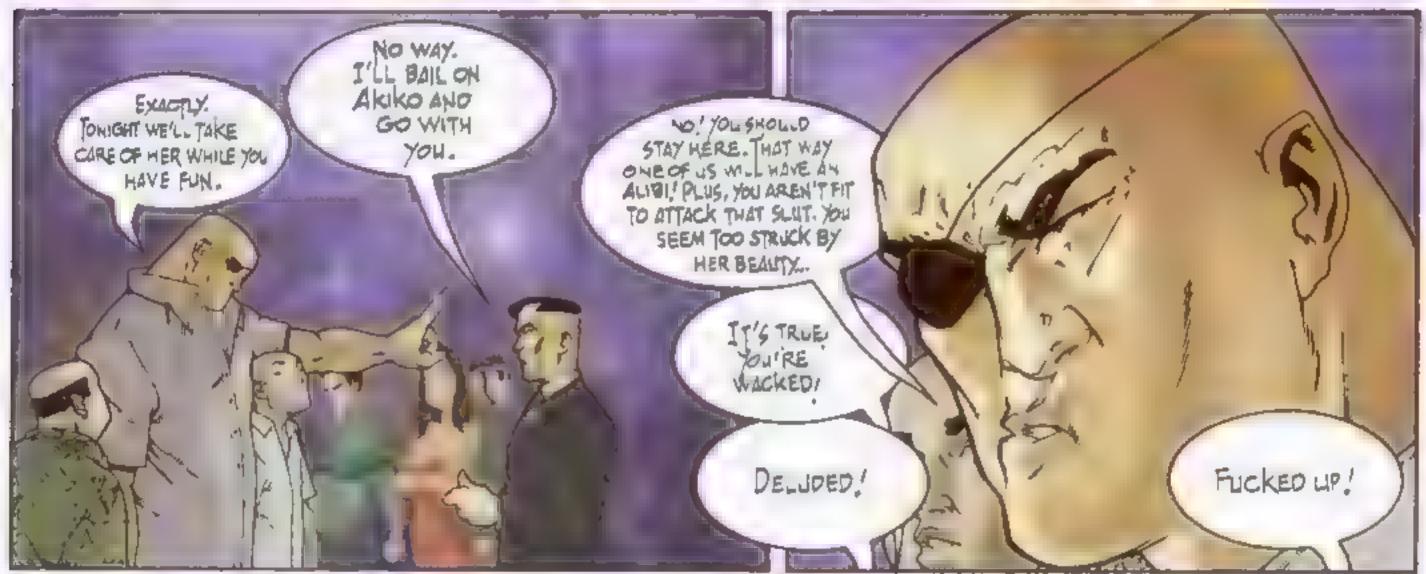


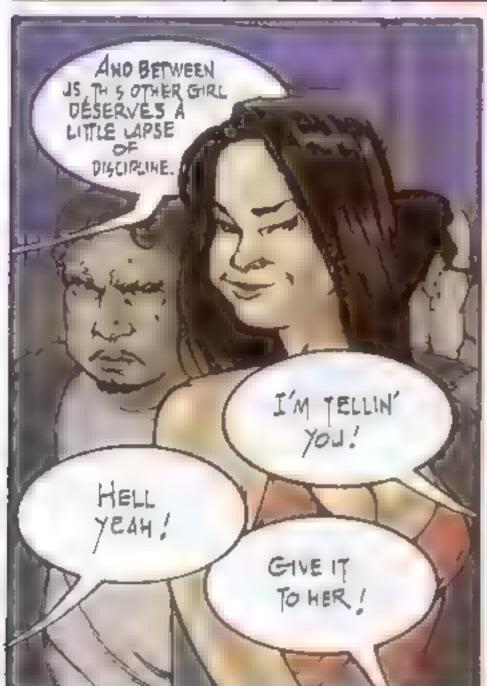






























### ON THE BRINK OF TEARS - by Diego Greco & Erdosain



THE WOMAN IN THE RED DRESS IS THE





THE ONE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE IS ABEL, HIS BEST FRIEND.







THIS IS THE STORY WHY, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, HE'S ON THE BRINK OF TEARS.





WHEN HE WAS EIGHTEEN, DUE TO ONE OF THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE, JULES HAD TO STAY AT THE HOUSE OF HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER FOR TWO MONTHS. HIS UNCLE HAD AN INCREDIBLY SEXY WIFE (JULES'S AUNT)...













this is abel (his best friend) Again, years ago





ABEL WAS THE ONLY PERSON THAT KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT JULES AND HIS AUNT









AT THE END OF THE SECOND WEEK, JULES DISCOVERED THAT HIS AUNT WASN'T A DEEP SLEEPER. SHE'D BEEN LETTING HIM TOUCH HER.



FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS, WHICH FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY TO JULES, HIS AUNT DID THE SAME THING.













JULES THOUGHT HE WAS ABOUT TO GO CRAZY



FINALLY ONE NIGHT, HIS AUNT SWALLOWED ALL HIS CUM AND WENT ON LICKING TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BULES THOUGHT THAT THE DOOR TO A WORLD OF UNKNOWN PLEASURES HAD FINALLY OPENED UP FOR HIM.



CBEYING HER CROERS JULES DISCOVERED THAT HIS AUNT REALLY ENJOYED THE SEX PLAY THAT BEGAN WHENEVER THEY WERE ALONE, EVEN FOR FIVE MINUTES.









WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR JULES TO GO HOME, HIS AUNT CLOSED THE DOOR TO HER FAVORS FOR ALWAYS. JULES NEVER MANAGED TO ACCEPT IT. TODAY, EIGHT YEARS LATER, HE WAS GETTING MARRIED TO TRY TO FORGET HER.



ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS WEDDING PARTY, JULES WAS LOOKING FOR A QUIET PLACE TO RELAX AND SMOKE A JOINT.







THE ONLY PLACE HE FOUND WAS ALREADY OCCUPIED.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE ABEL? HIS BEST FRIEND, THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THAT JULES WAS STILL IN LOVE WITH HIS AUNT.



AND THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY WHY JULES IS ON THE BRINK OF TEARS.



BUT I'D LIKE TO ADD ONE LITTLE DETAIL,
A BONUS TRACK.



NOW, WITH SORROW CRUSHING HIS CHEST, JULES CAN'T GET THAT VISION OUT OF HIS HEAD....





AND YERY SLOWLY ...



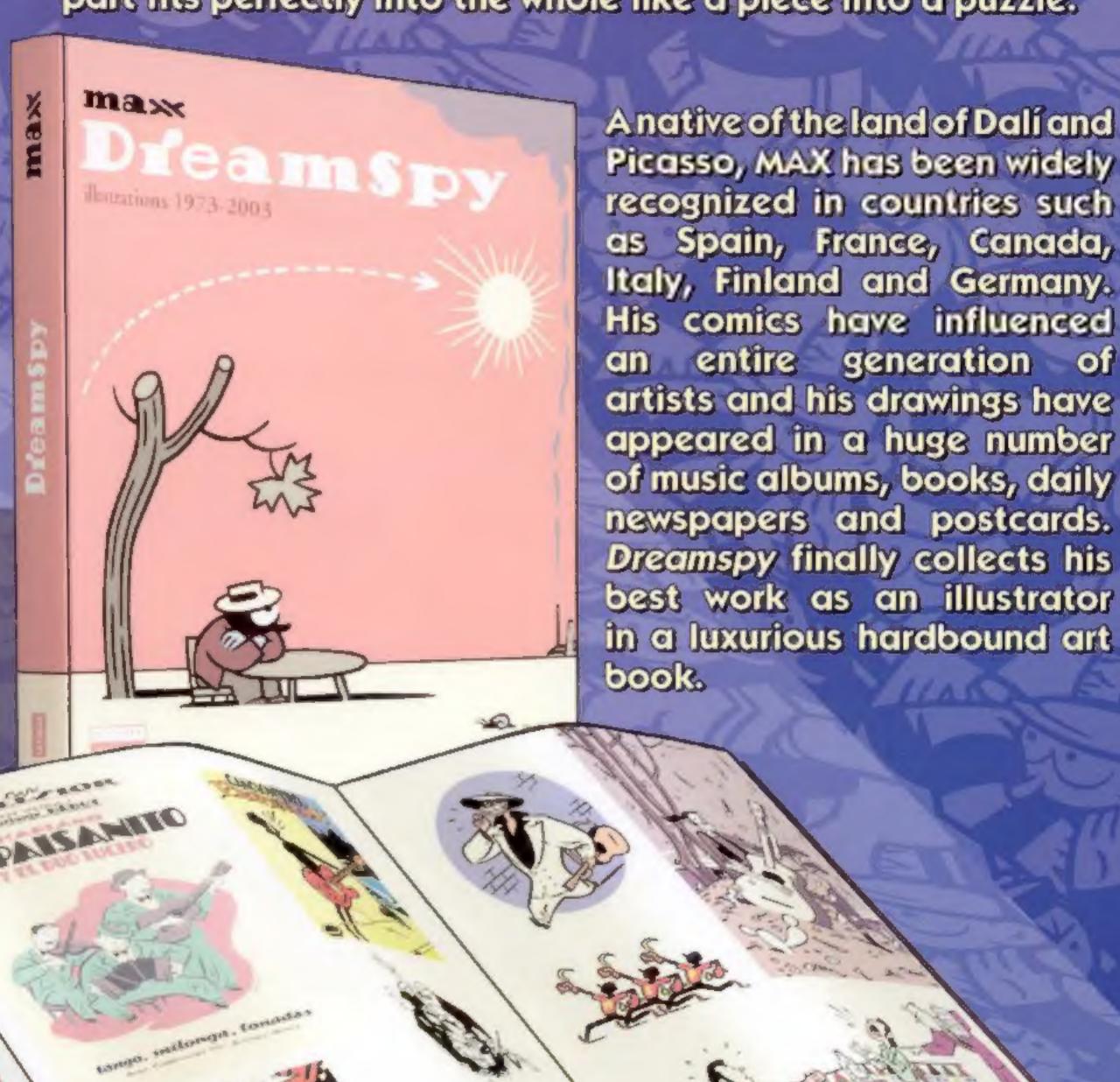
... HE GETS A HARD ON.



# lext issue

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